

of white quartz. Below, the valley opens and
discloses
ranges bathed in ineffable blue. The
mountain sides are
afire with autumn tints, and down their
steep paths
oxen are bringing the tawny gold of the late
harvest on
rude sledges. But the shadow of the Kurd is
over it all.
I left English-speaking people so lately that I
scarcely
realise that I am now alone in Central
Kurdistan, in one
of the wildest parts of the world, among fierce
predatory
tribes, and a ravaged and imperilled people.

I bade the Patriarch farewell at six this
morning, and
even at that early hour men were seated all
round his
room. After shaking hands with about thirty
people, I
walked the first mile accompanied by Mr.
Browne, who
then left me on his way to seek to enlighten
the wild
tribesmen of the Tyari valley. From the top
of the
Kamerlan Pass, above Kochanes, the view was
inconceiv-
ably beautiful. On the lovely alp on which
the village
stands a red patch of autumnal colouring
flamed against
the deep indigo and purple mountains of Diz
and Shaw-
utha, which block up the east end of the
lofty valley;
while above these rose the Jelu ranges, said
to be from
12,000 to 15,000 feet in altitude, bathed in
rich pure
blue, snow-fields on their platforms, new-
fallen snow on
their crests, indigo shadows in their clefts
and ravines,—
a glorious group of spires, peaks, crags,
chasms, precipices,
rifts, parapets, and ridges perfect in their
beauty as seen
in the calm coloured atmosphere in which
autumn loves
to die. Higher up we were in vast solitudes,

among
splintered peaks and pasturages where
clear streams
crashed over rock ledges or murmured
under ice, and
then a descent of 1800 feet by steep
zigzags, and a
seven hours' march in keen pure air, brought
us through
rounded hills to this village.

Van, November 1.—There was a night
alarm at Kot-
ranis. A number of Kurds came down upon
the threshing-